



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

126.03



13485/126/03

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY



FROM THE LIBRARY OF
GEORGE RICHARD BLINN

CLASS OF 1885

Handwritten text at the top of the page, possibly a title or header, including the word "Handwritten" and a date "188-".



THE
ADMIRABLE MIRANDA

BY
PATTY LEE CLARK

WESTFIELD, MASS.

Times and News-Letter Press.

1905.

Copyright 1999 by TAYLOR & FRANCIS

THE
ADMIRABLE MIRANDA

WRITTEN FOR
THE HOPEFULLY WELL AFFECTED CLUB

BY
PATTY LEE CLARK

WESTFIELD, MASS.

MAY, 1905

13486.126.03

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM THE LIBRARY OF
GEORGE RICHARD BLINN
SEP 10 1926

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

FERDINAND, *Prince of Naples.*

ORLANDO, *from the Wood of Arden.*

ARIEL, *Prospero's sprite.*

MOON-MAN, *a skipper from the green-cheese moon.*

MIRANDA, *a child of nature.*

ROSALIND, *alias Hamlet (in doublet and hose).*

SIRIUS, *the Dog-star.*

Presented by the Hopefully Well Affected Club, Westfield, Mass.,
May 9, 1906.

ORIGINAL CAST.

FERDINAND,

ORLANDO,

ARIEL,

MOON-MAN,

MIRANDA,

ROSALIND,

SIRIUS,

Miss Bush.

Miss Hooker.

Miss Lyman.

Miss Winchester.

Mrs. Clark.

Miss Gillett.

'Hector' Clark.

TIME.

Night following "The Tempest."

PLACE.

Before the Cell of Prospero.

STAGE SETTINGS.

The play was written to be given as in the time of Shakespeare. No curtain is required nor other stage properties than two practical trees, R and L, toward rear of stage, and three exits, L, R and C. C being labelled "Ye entrance to ye Cell of Prospero." Also a mossy bank slightly left of center of stage.

COSTUMES.

FERDINAND. Handsome court suit and sword.

ORLANDO. Hunting suit and sword.

ARIEL. White draperies and wand.

ROSALIND. Handsome hunting suit, similar to Orlando's, but without sword.

MIRANDA. Grecian draperies of white. Hair flowing, confined by wreath of flowers. Magic mantle of dark cloth.

MOON-MAN. Black smock, black shoes and stockings, and black gloves. With head made of paste-board, covered with yellow cheese-cloth, on the front of which a charcoal face, like the man-in-the-moon, is sketched.

SIRIUS. Is not a necessary character, but if included the dog should have a star on his collar.

TIME OF PRESENTATION.

One hour and a half.

The Admirable Miranda.

ACT I.

SCENE—*Moonlight in front of Prospero's Cell. Mantle lying on ground, R.*

MIRANDA (*enters, L.; sits upon mossy bank*).

Here will I sit me down and let
The wanton breezes cool my intellectual brow;
Whilst sweet, sweet, thoughts of Ferdinand
Do trickle through my well-trained brain
Like treacle from an unstaunched bung.
How soft the moonlight falls upon this bank:
O! that the man within her would fall, too!
Perchance, since wilful wench will have her way,
By wishing hardly I may make this youth obey.

Moonlight, moon bright,
Grant the wish I wish tonight!
Have pity on my sorry plight
And of your man give me a sight.

(*After a pause.*)

Ah! woe is me! He'll show not e'en his head.
I'm weary, weary, weary! And I vow I'll seek my bed.

(*Walks along gazing at moon.*)

Would that my father's mantle fell on me!
Then, naughty Man-i'-the-moon, I'd punish thee.

(*Stumbles and falls on knees.*)

O heavens! I fear I've skinned my knee!
And smirched my only party frock.
Beshrew me! But I'll feint a swoond!
That'll fleetly bring the men around.
First, seek I some soft spot of ground
To fall upon;
Anent, with piteous cries I'll wound
Night's stillness.

(*In walking about she comes upon mantle.*)

But hist! What's this?
O bliss! Oh bliss!
It is, it is
My father's magic mantle!
His tempest-brewing cloak.
O! 'tis a monstrous joke:—
The mantle did not fall on me,
But I did fall on it, you see.
O! End-beshaping Destiny!
I'll don it! Straightway then, I'll be
A chip from off the paternal tree.

(*Wraps herself in mantle assuming great dignity of pose and diction.*)

I will encase me, and myself present
 As I was sometime Milan.
 Now, truly, am I Prosper's daughter!
 I'll raise a rumpus on the water;
 Do other things I hadn't oughter.
 Yet precious Art I will not waste.
 From pockets, hats, and eggs draw forth
 No silly rabbits, birds, or kittens;
 But every hat shall crown—a *man*!
 Each pocket hold that precious jewel;
 While eggs, as full o' men as meat,
 Shall vomit forth their burden at my feet.
 But list! Methinks the virus hath begun to work.

ARIEL (*in distance sings:—*)

Where the bee drinks there drink I;

On a bat I nightly hie!

Merrily! Merrily!

MIRANDA. Ye gods and little fishes! It is a man!

(*ARIEL enters, L.*)

Welcome, thrice welcome! thou beauteous man.

ARIEL. Beauteous I may be,

But a man I'm not.

Why think'st thou that I am?

MIRANDA. Deny it not. For with these mine ears.

Did I sure hear thy manly boast of naughtiness

That on a nightly bat thou go'st.

ARIEL. Fair maid, 'tis true;

But thou this matter dost reverse,

For, though on nightly bats I hie,

The spirit—not the man—am I.

A spirit—sprite—or what you will—

I ride the wind; am seldom still:

And 'Ariel' is my name.

Thy father's Ganymede,—

On his behests I speed.

MIRANDA. Sweet spirit, prithee tell me

Wherein his magic lies.

ARIEL. Who wears this cloak (*indicates mantle.*)

Upon his back

Can charms invoke;

No wish will lack

Be 't thought or spoke.

The cloak laid slack

The spell is broke,

And I, alack!

Do bear the yoke,

For I'm its slave!

Thro' me it weaves its magic spells.

From out my cradling cowslip bells,
 Deep-growing where some spring up-wells,
 I'm dragged to do whate'er it tells.
 It drives me forth o'er hills and dells;
 To hidden caves 'neath Neptune's swells :
 Up to the moon, where Dian dwells.
 From highest heavens to deepest hells
 I'm shrewdly drave.

MIRANDA. Prithee, could I then not do,
 Without thine aid, a stunt or two?

ARIEL. What would'st thou?

MIRANDA. Men!

(ARIEL glances toward Cell.)

More men!

And yet again more men!

ARIEL. O maiden fair! What mischief art thou brewing!
 With all these men, what would'st thou then be doing?

MIRANDA. O foolish sprite! I would be ever wooing,
 And keep sweet Ferdinand astewing.

ARIEL. O silly Miranda!
 Thou'rt a feminine gander.
 What booketh thy books
 If they teach not love's crooks?
 To make Ferdinand stew
 You don't need a whole crew;
 Why, one man will do,—
 Or at the most, two.

MIRANDA. The strangeness of your story puts
 Heaviness in me. In lieu
 Of men in flocks, must I have only two?
 Nay! I'll not brook it. I will play the Jew.

(She imitates Shylock.)

Give me, my flock of men!

No? Then, at least, good Ariel, bring three.

(ARIEL points to the mantle which has fallen from MIRANDA's shoulders. She puts it on, again assuming dignity of pose and diction.)

E'er Phœbus mounts the eastern sky
 To break the lance of night,
 And warn my father of the loss
 Of this, his mantle bright,
 Three goodly youths thou here
 Must bring. So haste, my sprite!

ARIEL. My palfrey, the wind
 Shall bear me to Ind;
 From thence to the farthest shore.
 From lands that are hot,
 To those that are not,
 The earth I will fleetly search o'er.
 On wind-wings I'll fly

E'en up to the sky.

O! tell me, what sprite could do more?

MIRANDA. Beshrew me! I had nigh forgot

My vow to punish Moon-man!

And canst thou e'en from Dian pluck

The man she guards so shrewly?

ARIEL. Hast thou not heard my powers rehearsed?

MIRANDA. Then, pray you, Ariel, pluck him first.

(Exit ARIEL, L, singing.)

Away I skim

To fetch thee him.

MIRANDA. In sooth, the charm doth jog right merrily!

And when methinks 't has reached the proper canter,

This cloak shall summon Ferdinand.

Pray heaven, it draw not forth my father!

Now do I 'gin to feel most spookey!

My knotted and combined locks do part,

And each particular hair doth stand on end

Like spills upon an old-time mantel-piece.

(Tremendous noise outside.)

O heavens! What was that?

It sure was not the cat.

There's some one fallen flat!

I fear it is my father.

(Enter ARIEL.)

O Ariel! Prithee what's the matter!

Wherefore all this unseemly clatter?

ARIEL. O! Your Man-i'-the-moon

Came down all too soon,

To inquire the way to Miranda.

(Enter MOON-MAN, L, limping; followed by DOG-STAR.)

MIRANDA. Heavens 'fend me! What a sight.

Dost think his dog will bite?

Attend, thou tricksey sprite!

The others must be right.

It likes me not—this wight.

(Exit ARIEL, L.)

(Aside.) But a man's a man for a' that!

Swelled heads may be the fashion.

To practice on he'll serve for me,

A novice in love's passion.

(To MOON-MAN.)

O Beauteous man! ('Tis a villain, truth,

I do not love to look on.) How features are abroad,

I'm skillless of, but by my modesty—

The jewel in my dower—I would not wish them broader

Nor can imagination form a shape,—

(Aside.) (A dairy-maid might do't.)

Beside yourself to like of.

(MOON-MAN in a high pitched voice.)

Alas! My shape doth wax and wane,
And always full I can't remain;
When half full would'st thou think me plain?

MIRANDA. To woo me then would be in vain.

MOON-MAN. But when I'm decked with hornlets twain
I sure could win thy love again.

When I stroll then down "Milkey Lane"

The stars around their necks do crane;

With love, the girls are nigh insane,

For me,—'The Bow of Heaven's Plain!'

MIRANDA. Another how doth sometimes reign.

MOON-MAN. Rainbow? That fool in Phœbus' train!

Pooh! He hath not an ounce of brain.

The motley's in his very grain;

He lacks the wit, when it doth rain,

To get him in,—or shelter gain.

MIRANDA. His motley merits not disdain.

MOON-MAN. If thou praise him, I'll wax profane!

MIRANDA. O, come with me! Thou jealous swain.

I know a pool, 'mild green banks lain;

The trees around sing Love's refrain.

Wilt join them in the amorous strain?

(*Aside.*) To lead thee there is 'cutest pain.

MOON-MAN. I'll wager thou wilt jealousy sustain,

When 'Mistress Pool' thy Moon-man would attain,

Narcissus like,—thou'lt hold him might and main.

(MOON-MAN *swaggers out*, R.)

MIRANDA (*aside*). I'll thrust thee in, conceited zane!

(*Exit MIRANDA*, R.)

ACT II.

FIRST SCENE.

ARIEL (*enters*, L.).

Since scenting freedom am I puckish grown;

On fair Miranda I a trick have done.

Whilst winging over Arden's Wood

My earth-born cousin, Puck, I spied,

Who, straightway, me with questions plied

To know why I came thither.

And scarce had I my errand named,

Than, finger laid on elfish nose,

One elfish eyelid snugly closed,

He led me to a moonlit glen

Where I beheld two, sleeping, men;

One pillowed on the other's arm

As if, forsooth, he feared some harm.

And when I had applied the charm

To draw them to Miranda,
 Friend Puck was rolling on the ground,
 His elfish sides nigh burst with glee;
 And as he laughed: "O-ee! O-ee!"
 He gasped out: "One man's a 'she'!"
 So on Miranda comes the laugh.
 In lieu of three, she 's one man and a half,
 For one's a wench, the other one a moon-calf!
 But soft! Here comes the mannish pair.
 I'll hover 'round invisible as air.

(*Enter, L, ORLANDO supporting ROSALIND.*)

ORLANDO. Fair Rosalind! Sweet, drooping, Rose,
 A few steps more, and then repose.

ROSALIND. Orlando, love, no farther can I go.

ORLANDO. Then here we'll rest till cock doth crow.
 Perchance the kindly light of day
 Will point us out the homeward way.

ROSALIND. Dost think we still in Arden roam?

ORLANDO. I wot, e'en now, we 're close on home.
 Methinks mazelike I've dragged thee 'round;
 Thy presence doth, in truth, my wits confound.
 But rest thee here. I'll come anon.

ROSALIND. No, no! I'm 'feared!

ORLANDO. With brave clothes on?

ROSALIND. E'en so! Brave garments never can
 Of me make other than a fainting man.

ORLANDO. Amen! But rest thee.

ROSALIND. Thou'lt not go away?

ORLANDO. I swear that near my Love I'll stay.

(*ROSALIND reclines on mossy bank. ORLANDO paces up and down,*

R. ARIEL advances from rear of stage.)

ARIEL (*aside*). These turtle-doves must cease to coo;
 Orlando must Miranda woo.

(*Waves wand.*) Doze! Doze!

Poor tired Rose.

Sweet Dream sprites around thee shall hover.

Close, close

Fringed eyelids Rose,

Nor dream that one stealeth thy lover.

(*ORLANDO advances toward ROSALIND.*)

She sleeps! Perchance she dreams.

ARIEL (*aside*). Another woman wakes and schemes.

(*ARIEL then passes to R, touching ORLANDO with wand.*)

ORLANDO (*to the sleeping ROSALIND*).
 Thy guardian did I swear to be
 And yet I long to slip from thee.
 An invisible something plucks my sleeve!
 But Rosalind I'm loath to leave.

(*Exit ARIEL, R, drawing ORLANDO with wand.*)

SECOND SCENE.

ARIEL (*enters, R.*).

Now are Orlando and Miranda met:
Full fathom five in love, he lies—
As lovers all do do—and swears:
I never loved,—nor ever
Can love,—other maid than you!
His oft-vowed love for Rosalind
Erased from mind. O! Most unkind!
But Ariel will vigil keep;
Orlando 'gain for Rose shall weep.
So sleep, thou fair one, sleep!

(*Waves wand over ROSALIND and sings.*)

Haste! Haste!

From watery waste.

Mists of the fens, o'ertake us!

Haste! Haste!

No time to waste.

Quickly invisible make us.

(*ARIEL takes position behind ROSALIND.*)

(*ORLANDO enters R, leading MIRANDA.*)

ORLANDO. O, admired Rosanda!

MIRANDA. Nay! Not 'Rosanda'—'Miranda.'

ORLANDO. Oh! Admirable Miranda!

The very crème-de-la-crème
Of admiration.

MIRANDA. Alas! now, pray, what meaneth you?
The garments which thy tho'ts do don
Are of a foreign cut. Thy words
To me are strange. The very—how
Say'st thou—of admiration?

ORLANDO. The 'crème-de-la-crème'—
Most creamiest cream.

MIRANDA. So! But what is cream?

ORLANDO. What is cream?

MIRANDA. Ay! Sure

I know it not.

ORLANDO. Thou may'st not in its virgin form.
But, gay-bedecked with colors bright,—
Which wise men say the health doth blight—
And with more poison toothsome, sweet,
This selfsame cream thou oft dost eat
When metamorphosed into—

MIRANDA. Pray?

ORLANDO. The thing most lovèd of thy sex.

MIRANDA. Good sooth! That's man!

ORLANDO. Nay, nay! Thou flatterest.

A foolish he who e'er doth dream
He may compare in maid's esteem
With her belovèd ice-cream.

MIRANDA. Ice-cream! I prithee what is't?

ORLANDO. Ye shades of Neapolitan confectioners!

(To MIRANDA.)

Vouchsafe my prayer! My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is,—O you wonder!—
If you be maid, or no?

MIRANDA. "No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid."

ORLANDO. A maid yet knoweth not ice-cream?
O wonderful, wonderful and most wonderful!
And after that out of all whooping.

MIRANDA. O woe the day! 'Tis plain to see
That thou dost find a lack in me.

A maiden in a lone isle bred,
Who knows not ice-cream, who will wed?

ORLANDO. It doth but add another charm,
To her whom I did hold before
The most perfectedest of women.

MIRANDA. Dost love me then?

ORLANDO. Ay, truly!
"Doubt that the stars are fire;
Doubt that the moon doth move."—

(*He breaks off to gaze beyond MIRANDA into the wood at n.*)

MIRANDA. Orlando, love, what is 't, I pray!
Thy face doth wear a strange aspect,
"With hair up-staring,—more like reeds than hair;"
Thine eyes, like marbles which small boys
Do roll in childish games,
Outstarting from their fringed lids.
Alas! What hath o'erta'en thee?

ORLANDO. Methought that e'en as I did say:—
"Doubt that the moon doth move,"
I saw that selfsame, glorious, orb
Adodging through the wood.

MOON-MAN (*in distance cries* :)
O Admirable Miranda!

ORLANDO (*points in direction of cry*).
See'st it not woman? 'Tis the fellow
That summons us to heaven or hell. O!

(MOON-MAN *enters wringing water from his clothes.*)

MIRANDA. O, good my lord, becalm thyself,
'Tis but a country zany.
He's gentle and not fearful,
O, prithee, in the outer world,—
Of which I am all skillless,—
Doth not, oft-times, a manly head
Grow swellèd like to this one's?

ORLANDO. I never saw so swellèd a head;
I never thought to see one.

But this I'll tell you, any how,
I'd rather be, than see one.

(He turns away in disgust.)

MIRANDA. Then let us away.

MOON-MAN. Sweet Miranda, stay, stay!
Thou need'st not fear my choler.
I'll chide thee not for lack of strength;
For, "frailty thy name is 'woman!'"
Thou did'st essay with frantic hand
To keep thy Moon-man on dry land;
And when away thou swift did'st fly
'Twas but to see if help were nigh.
This yokel to my aid thou wast then bringing?

MIRANDA. This 'yokel' is a gentleman
From out the Wood of Arden.

MOON-MAN. The Wood of Arden well I know,
And oft have lingered o'er it
To smile on many an amorous pair.

(He scrutinizes ORLANDO.)

Methinks I've seen thee loving there.

MIRANDA *(to ORLANDO)*.

O false one! Fie!
Would I might die,
For thou did'st lie.
Thou hast loved 'nother maid than I.

(She turns away weeping.)

ORLANDO *(to MOON-MAN)*.
Didst ever see a flinty stone
In contact come with bladder blown?
Dids't never—I will blithely show,—
Thy head—my fist. Beware the blow.

(To MIRANDA).

Sweet Rose—

MIRANDA. My name, sir, is not 'Rose.'

ORLANDO *(aside)*. A canker 'pon my trait'rous tongue.

(To MIRANDA).

Since that's the bloom I best do love,
'Tis meet that I do call thee 'Rose.'

(ORLANDO embraces MIRANDA and leads her to the front of stage during ARIEL's speech.)

ARIEL *(to ROSALIND)*.
While you here do snoring lie
Open-eyed love-piracy
Her time doth take.
For Orlando if you care,
Shake off slumber and beware.

Awake! Awake!

(ROSALIND awakes.)

MIRANDA. In every garden roses grow.

ORLANDO. But thou'rt the fairest e'er did blow.
I once another one did prize;
'Twas e'er on thee I'd feasted eyes,
Sweet Rose. My 'Queen of Roses'!

(ROSALIND has quietly stepped to ORLANDO's left, opposite
MIRANDA, who is not supposed to hear the following
dialogue.)

ROSALIND. Then, pray you, sir, who might I be?
How wilt thou here account for me?
Present me—how—to your 'Queen Rose'?
Who weareth monstrous old-style clothes.

(Aside.) Give chance I'll tweek her saucy nose!

ORLANDO. Good Rosalind, allay thy spleen!

ROSALIND. And thank my stars for what has been?
O false one! By this saw be warned:—
"Than woman by her lover scorned,
More furious fury doth not dwell
Within the dark abysm of hell."

MIRANDA. Orlando, love, who is thy friend?

ROSALIND. Come, come! Present me to your 'Queen.'
Shall I upon thy bosom lean,
Or wilt thou say:—"Behold my Rose of Yesterday?"

ORLANDO. Whose petal-skirts are blown away!
For shame! Would'st thou a lady meet
Decked as thou art in mannish guise?
'Tis for thy sake I hesitate.

ROSALIND. It would not spoil thy simile
If she a blushing Rose should be.

ORLANDO. But yonder stands a chaste moon-calf.

(ROSALIND looks at MOON-MAN, who has been at R, back
of stage. She screams and falls upon ORLANDO.)

ROSALIND. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be this a spirit of health or goblin damned?

ORLANDO. 'Tis naught but harmless country man.
Good Rosalind, up brace thee, pray!
Thy feet are ample large, I wot,
To stand upon.

MIRANDA. Thy friend doth all.
O! Can I aught of service be?
I pray you, tell me, who is he?

ORLANDO. 'Tis one I met upon the road.
I fear 'tis but a sorry man;
We best had send him on his way.

MIRANDA. Nay! Island hospitality
Must I to him extend. Present him, pray.

ORLANDO. His name's to me unknown.

MIRANDA (to ROSALIND).
Sweet sir, since this my friend
Doth lack the knowledge of thy name—

The link by which to acquaint us—
I pray you forge it.

ORLANDO (*aside to ROSALIND*). Ay! Forge it!

ROSALIND (*turns away saying to herself*).

Since for this maid (*indicating herself*) no longer love he feel;
Why then, this maid he's a man, his lady's love who'll steal.
But now to forge this missing link;
What name to take must quickly think.

(*To MIRANDA.*)

My name? Pray, what's in a name?

MOON-MAN (*who has come to R front says in an aside*).

Good sooth! This youth
Doth 'pear to me full shady!

Limned in that face

Methinks I trace

Resemblance to a lady

Whom 'Flinty-flint'

Hath oft-times kissed

Within the Wood of Arden.

(*To others.*)

Ahem! I crave your pardon.

But I'll present

This nameless—*gent*

To Admirable Miranda.

"From the east to western Ind,"

No youth is like to—

ROSALIND (*hurriedly*). Him, much sinned
Against,—Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

MOON-MAN. Prince Hamlet, thou! The Dane?
Then I, too, am insane.

ROSALIND. Ay! Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

ORLANDO. And he who dares to doubt it
Shall have it prickèd out with steel,
Upon his moon-faced carcass.

MIRANDA. O, gentlemen! Desist, I pray.

Good Moon-man, don't provoke a fray.

Orlando, love, you'll sure not lick

This looney, lunar, lunatic!

Sweet Hamlet, I opine I'll swoon.

(*She falls over upon ROSALIND, who holds her up with difficulty.*)

ROSALIND. "O, that this too-too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!"

I vow 'twould ne'er be mist.

Defend us! She but waiteth to be kissed.

(*ROSALIND makes wry face and kisses MIRANDA.*)

MIRANDA. Sweet Prince! O heavens! Where am I?
Orlando, art thou moon-struck?

ORLANDO. 'Twould seem the heavenly bodies ne'er do strike.

MOON-MAN. By Mars! Pray, wherefore think you so?

ORLANDO. Argal:—There are no unions in the heavens.

MOON-MAN. O Earth-born ignoramus!

Did'st never see a comet,

Or watch a star go shooting by?

Anon, there's striking in the sky.

ORLANDO. O tell me, pray, who doth these strikes design?

MOON-MAN. Our 'Walking Delegate' is he, Orion.

ROSALIND. E'en so I'll prove your words untrue.

ALL. Untrue?

ROSALIND. Ay, marry! There are no unions in the heavens. Argal, no strikes.

ALL. Go to! Go to!

ROSALIND. What art heathen! How dost thou understand the Scriptures? The Scripture saith, "There are no marriages in Heaven." Mark you that! Argal, no unions; Argal, no strikes. Go to!

MIRANDA. O what a noble mind is here outturned!

My lord, thou hast a nimble wit.

My father oft hath quoted it.

But tell me, pray, how it did hap,

Thou haply 'scaped Laertes thrust?

ROSALIND. "I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres!

(Glances at MOON-MAN and ORLANDO.)

But here, are twice too many ears."

MIRANDA. I know a—

MOON-MAN *(saddy)*. Pool!

MIRANDA. Where breezes cool

Shall 'round us sigh.

A moss-grown stone

Shall be thy throne;

And I, close by

With wide-oped ear

Thy tale to hear.

(Looking pointedly at the others.)

None others nigh.

(Aside.) Would Ferdinand might see us!

(Exit MIRANDA, R.)

ROSALIND. Good sirs, adieu!

I'll show you two

How men should woo.

Go to! Go to!

(Exit ROSALIND, R.)

ORLANDO. O admirable Miranda!

(Exit ORLANDO, R.)

MOON-MAN. He said: "Go too."
 Which same I'll do.
 O admirable Miranda!
 (*Exit* MOON-MAN, R.)
 FERDINAND (*enters*, L).
 O! Do I wake, or am I dreaming?
 Methought I spied
 My promised bride,—
 With mystery this isle is teeming,—
 And by her side
 Two men did stride;
 While after them the moon ran screaming!
 O woe betide!
 Would I had died
 If this be real'ty and not seeming.
 Her name outcried
 May be replied.
 O admirable Miranda!
 (*Exit* FERDINAND, R.)

ACT III.

(Enter MOON-MAN and DOG-STAR, R.)

fiction Alack! my faithful Dog-star. Behold thy ill-starred planet,
the orbit of whose true-love is not greased. There's much of
~~action~~ in't. And oft my course is 'tirely blocked by planet, star
or comet. Calm Ferdinand the planet is; Orlando flaming comet.
But who this tricky star can be,
And whether it be a 'he' or 'she,'
By Orion's galways! you have me.
By Jupiter! I'll not rescind!
Methinketh still 'tis Rosalind.
Orlando sword-pricks from behind
Do I but mention Rosalind;
While self-dubbed 'Hamlet' says: "Be kind
Enough your own affairs to mind."
Miranda with love's cataract is blind.
Could I but in this big head find
The wit and skill to remove it!
Come, Sirius, come! Canst weave no plan?
Nay, sooth! Thou'rt but a star. 'Twere meeter, far, a
planet plan it.
Could I but prove he be a maid,
Then exit lover Hamlet;
Could I but prove him Rosalind,
Orlando would his exit find;
Then it would seemeth exigent
To exit find for other gent.
Now, by the Pleiades! I have it.
Fernando shall this Hamlet strike;
Who, straightway, will the sex set right,
By scream, or swoon, or weeping.
Orlando, then, must fight her fight.
His steel may Ferdinando bite;
Then exit all save—Lord of Night!
Here cometh flaming comet.

(MOON-MAN retires to back of stage.)

ORLANDO (enters, R, with paper in hand).

O! out upon thee, trait'rous mind
That ever doth thy rhyming wind
Around the name of Rosalind.
O admirable Miranda!
Thou dost consort with 'gander.'
MOON-MAN. Ay, true! She doth consort with thee
ORLANDO. How now, thou spying Moon-man!
I' faith! Thou shalt the chased moon be;
If caught it will go hard with thee.

(He chases MOON-MAN off stage, returns to fasten paper on
L tree, then exit L.)

ROSALIND (*enters, R.*).

How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable seems to me this inane wooing. 'Tis ever "Dost thou love me? Ay!" Good troth, within the half hour, have I put forth more eyes than a lusty potato. I've eyed her with my eyes till they've crossed o'er the bridge o' my nose. Lord knows! And I've 'ayed' her with my mouth till I roll i' my gait and smack of a tar.

MOON-MAN (*who has stolen in, L.*).

Thou dost smack of two tars.

ROSALIND. Two tars? Prithee, expound.

MOON-MAN. Ay! Two tars spelleth thee 'tartar.'

ROSALIND. An wish to save thy puffy head

"Twere well that thou spell 'ta! ta!'

(*Threatens MOON-MAN, who runs out, L.*)

(ROSALIND catches sight of ORLANDO's paper.)

What is't flutt'reth 'pon this tree?

(*Takes it down and reads.*)

Orlando's at his blazing!

Alas! not me he's praising.

(*Reads aloud.*)

"From the east to western land
No jewel is like my Mirand.
Her worth being written in the sand
In every eye doth blow Mirand.
Fairest picture ever planned
Is but black to fair Mirand.
Let no face be kept on hand
But the fair of sweet Mirand."

By my faith! Many a face doth grow stale being kept too long on hand. And now I come to think on't 'tis out of all nature to keep one's face on one's hands. A monstrous strange fish this Sandy Mirandy. A most rich paying fish an she be 'ported to England and well set forth, thusly: "A monstrous strange human beastie, who doth wear her heart on her sleeve, and the face of which doth be kept on hand." Go to! I can laugh and crack a jest e'en at my old glove (*indicating paper*) made to fit a new love.

Ay! But did I wear it new?

Who can tell me, who?

Pray, who for one old glove would care?

Methinks Mirand shall have the pair.

(*She takes another paper from doublet.*)

Come, let us try if glove doth bind

When fitted unto Rosalind.

(*Recites holding second paper in hand.*)

"From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.

Her worth being mounted on the wind
 Thro' all the world bears Rosalind.
 Fairest picture ever limned
 Is but black to Rosalind.
 Let no face be kept in mind
 But the fair of Rosalind."
 Alas! poor 'Rose of Yesterday!'

(Pins paper on tree, then snatches it down and thrusts it in doublet.)

Nay, nay! Thou shalt not fling thy past away.
 Come, come! Thy foolish tear-ducts close.
 No dews revive a faded rose.

(Wipes eyes and begins to laugh.)

Now 'pon this other tree we'll pin
 A saucy bit of original sin.

(Reads as she writes.)

"As the goose doth fly to gander
 So to Orlando flies Miranda."

(Pins this on R. tree, and while crossing to L. FERDINAND enters, R.)

FERDINAND. By Zeus! at last he is alone
 And I can cast the gauntlet down,
 And name him mountebank and clown.

(ROSALIND pins ORLANDO's paper on L. tree.)

FERDINAND. But soft! some trick he's doing.

(ROSALIND exit, L.)

(FERDINAND seizes paper, reads and crumples in hand.)

A blight upon the tree that bears such fruit!
 Zeus' lightnings blast the grafter.
 Ah! Miranda following after!

MIRANDA (enters, R.).

O Ferdinand! Pray, hast thou seen
 My lover pass? Not you—I mean
 The other.

FERDINAND. Dost call him 'lover'?
 O hast thou then so soon forgot
 The vows between us plighted?
 And shall I, sweet one, ne'er again
 Thy 'patient log-man' be?

MIRANDA. In truth,
 A 'log-man' thou. A very stick!

FERDINAND. A stick, my love, I sure will be.
 No brother, faith, can out-stick me.
 Most stickiest stick you e'er did see
 An thou wilt let me stick to thee.

(He embraces her.)

MIRANDA. O fie! Refrain. Here comes the Dane'

(Exit MIRANDA, R.)

(Enter ROSALIND, L.)

FERDINAND (*aside*). Now, by my troth, I'll make him hark !
Lord Hamlet, Prince of Denmark !

Didst e'er before see this? (*shows paper.*)

ROSALIND. O! Embryo King of Naples !

I pray you what it is ?

FERDINAND. I found it pinned upon that tree.
Some folk make love so brazenly.

A sonnet it purports to be—

By Zeus! 'Tis writ most scurveyly—

Thou art familiar with the hand?

ROSALIND. Ay! oft I've seen it.

FERDINAND. Perchance you do the contents know.
Or shall I read it?

ROSALIND. The contents I do bear in mind.

FERDINAND. 'Twas needless here a name to sign,
For he's an ass who penned it.

ROSALIND. Good sir, beware! A friend of mine did send it,
Who, sooth! Doth thee outgentleman

By many, and many, and many a span.

FERDINAND. 'Tis said: "The bird doth cheep who's hit."

The ass's head doth seem to fit;

So, pray you, take it!

(Throws paper in ROSALIND's face.)

ROSALIND. The pot doth call the kettle black
The which doth half pot's blackness lack;

So, pray you, take it back!

(She scratches him in face.)

FERDINAND. By Zeus! Thou cat, would'st blind me?
E'en so, I'm more than match for thee.

MOON-MAN (*who has stolen in at L. says aside* :)

O Sirius! hear these asses bray!

Methinks there's going to be a fray.

Sing hey-dey! Sing hey-dey!

(He dances about back of stage.)

FERDINAND. Is't rapier, sword, or dagger?

ROSALIND (*aside*). O Lord! I smell a duel!

(*Aloud.*) It mattereth not to me.

With all I'm equally

Proficient.

FERDINAND. Then where and when shall we be met?

ROSALIND. Please thee! 'Twill be

Sufficient.

FERDINAND. I know a—

MOON-MAN (*aside*). Pool!

Et tu, Brute? Miranda's cru'l.

ROSALIND. O! care I not,

Choose thou the spot.

(*Aside.*) My burial plot!

FERDINAND. Dost thou no weapon wear?
An, if thou will, a pair
Of rapiers I'll bear
Unto our trysting place.

ROSALIND (*aside*). My weapon's in my face. (*shows tongue*.)
(*Aloud*.) Pray save yourself the care.
Anon, I'll meet you there
Armed to the teeth. Will wear
A weapon, 'queathed me by my mother,
With which I've split full many a hair,
And wounded oft beyond repair.

FERDINAND. I'll kiss it with another!
With rapiers hast thou no more skill
Than hast in wielding amorous quill,
Thy Danish blood I'll spill.

ROSALIND. For every drop of Danish blood
Thou can'st draw forth from me,
I'll draw a quart from thee.

FERDINAND. By acts thy words must provèd be.

(*Exit FERDINAND, R.*)

ROSALIND. To flee or not to flee, that is the question.
Nay, Rosalind! Thy courage screw
Up to the sticking place, and glue
It there. Death shall not force me tell
My secret. I'll bear it down to hell.

(*Exit ROSALIND, L.*)

ACT IV.

(MIRANDA and ARIEL enter, R.)

MIRANDA. How chanceth it the thing most sought
Is oft unwelcome when 'tis gained?
This wooing furnished forth keen joy
In prospect; attained it doth cloy.
Dost think, perchance, some wrong be done,
Wherefore the gods do claim atone?
Is't naughty—tho' 'tis nice—to kiss?
O Ariel, pray, is't amiss?

ARIEL. Nay! Nature's self doth sanction it.
Dids't ne'er hear wavelets kiss the shore?
Gay Phœbus dally kisses hills;
The am'rous moonbeams kiss the rills.
While Boreas hath the title won
Of 'General Kisser'—for service done.

MIRANDA. Good Ariel, thy words do solace bring.

ARIEL. But in kissing 'mongst humanity,
A difference there, perchance, may be
As to who is '*Kissor*,' who '*Kissee*.'

MIRANDA. In truth, it mattereth much to me.
This thought doth beat against my brain:—
"Love sought is good, but given unsought
Is better." While following close
Upon its heels, this demon thought
Comes treading:—"Perchance when I
This mantle fling from off my maiden shoulders,
Sweet Ferdinand will cease to love
Too-much admired Miranda!

ARIEL. See! Yonder doth he wander.

MIRANDA. I am determinèd, come what may,
To prove his love, without delay!
Now, Ariel sprite, bewitch his sight
That he shall not perceive us.

ARIEL (*sings*). Little gray elves
Bestir thyselfs!
Invisible vestments weave us.

(ARIEL waves wand, whereupon he and MIRANDA are supposed
to become invisible to Ferdinand.)

(MIRANDA takes magic mantle from her shoulders and flings
it upon bank.)

MIRANDA. Thou damnèd garment, lie thou there!
O! by my modesty, I swear
I ne'er again will magic wear;
All lovers, save this one, forswear.
If he for me no longer care
Unto a convent I'll repair!

ARIEL. O admirable Miranda!

(Exit ARIEL, L.)

FERDINAND (*enters, R. front, and soliloquizes*):

Would I'd be left to mercy of the sea!
 Miranda is more cruel than he.
 She is most cruellest she alive!
 Yet, woe betide! I love her heartily.
 For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
 And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true:
 And true she is—Ay! is she true?
 Out damned doubt! I'll believe her so,
 Though all the world should tell me 'No!'
 And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
 Shall she be plac'd in my constant soul.

(*Exit FERDINAND, L.*)

MIRANDA. O! wisdom may wax and fairness wane;
 But truth doth ever rest the same.
 And to you true I will remain.

(*ORLANDO enters, L.*)

ORLANDO. Sweet Rosalind! Where art thou, love?
 O Rose! Dost hear me?

MIRANDA. (*approaches him.*) I pray you, sir—

ORLANDO. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
 I have one heart, one bosom and one love,
 And that one woman hath; nor other none
 Shall mistress of it be, save she alone.
 Go, get thee to a nunnery! Go!
 From the east to western Ind
 I search for thee, O Rosalind!

MIRANDA. The cry doth knock against my very heart!

(*Exit MIRANDA, L.*)

(*ORLANDO, about to rush out, R, is intercepted by MOON-MAN, who enters, R.*)

MOON-MAN. Thou need'st not search as far as Ind;
 Close by thou'lt come on Rosalind.
 O haste! Lest it be all too late
 To save her from a bloody fate.
 For she and Ferdinand do fight,
 And she with gore is all bedight.
 (*Aside.*) Aha! my cock, thou waxest white!
 Methought my tale would thee affright.

ORLANDO. Ah! woe is me! Full well I see
 Why she did beg my sword of me!
 Come! haste away! Why linger we?

(*He rushes out, R, followed by MOON-MAN.*)

(*MIRANDA hurries in, L, followed by ARIEL.*)

MIRANDA. Haste thou, I pray! This duel stay,
 Good Ariel. I'll follow fast
 As quaking heart and limbs uphold me.

ARIEL (*mockingly*).

O maiden fair! what mischief thou'st been brewing!
With all these men, see what thou hast been doing!

(*Exit ARIEL, R.*)

MIRANDA. A naughty prank can so much mischief leaven?
O! my offence is rank! It smells to heaven.

(*Exit MIRANDA, R.*)

(*FERDINAND enters, L. followed by ROSALIND.*)

ROSALIND. My lord, dost thou not deem this spot more fitter?

FERDINAND. Perchance! An't pleaseth thee, 'tis one to me.
Now fleetly make us ready.

Dost tremble, thou most womanish man?

ROSALIND (*aside*). Ay! that I do; and that I am.

FERDINAND. Come, come! can'st thou not play the man?

ROSALIND (*aside*). Alack! that e'er I essayed it!
(*Aloud*). I can

And will! Pray calm yourself

For all too soon I will be ready.

(*Aside*) O! pray, good Rosalind, be steady!

I would this sword were not so long,

Or that my arm were e'en more strong!

FERDINAND (*drawing sword*).

On guard! Thou boasting Hamlet.

(*ORLANDO rushes in, R. followed by MOON-MAN.*)

ORLANDO. Hold! Hold! I say.

FERDINAND. Thou art ill-timed. Away!

ORLANDO. And who art thou I should obey?

Would'st fight a foeman worth

Thy steel, I'll challenge thee.

This Hamlet's but a woman.

FERDINAND. In truth, I 'gin to 'spect it.

ROSALIND. How now! Ye foul maligners!

By Mars! I swear ye both shall feel

What thou dost dub my 'unworthy steel.'

ORLANDO. This sword resign. Thou wisse 'tis mine.

ROSALIND. When Ferdinand doth killed be,
Point first I'll hand it thee.

MOON-MAN. List! List!

FERDINAND. Who crieth?

MIRANDA (*in distance*). Ferdinand! Sweet Ferdinand!

FERDINAND. Hillo, ho, ho, here! Come, love, come!

ROSALIND (*to FERDINAND*). Art thou disguisèd goosemaid?

(*To ORLANDO, who has been gazing from under his hand.*)

Orlando, pray take down thy hand!

Open wide thine eyes! Here blows thy 'Sand!'

MOON-MAN (*aside*). Good, good! Here comes Mirand.

(*MIRANDA rushes in followed by ARIEL.*)

MIRANDA. I charge thee pause!
 Thou break'st the laws
 Of hospitality.
 Lord Hamlet, an thou will
 Thy full-up cup more fill,
 And to posterity
 All blood-be-smirched descend,
 Then I my breast will lend
 Unto your cruelty.

(She places herself in front of FERDINAND.)

ROSALIND. Come forth, Fernando! Fie! For shame!
 Would'st shield thyself a woman's skirts behind?
 Thou'st timed her entrance shrewdly.

FERDINAND. Sweet maid, away! Away, I pray!

MIRANDA. Nay, love, I'm feared that you he'll slay.

ORLANDO *(aside)*. Art mad, thou cruel Rosalind?

ROSALIND. Thou, too, were savest 'hind
 Admired Miranda.

This dodging Moon-man'll follow thee.

In truth, Mirand may likened be

Unto a friskey, coyish, toy;—

'Her Kiteship' after her for tail,

Will her three white-faced lovers trail.

FERDINAND. On guard! this sword shall suck thee pale.

(ORLANDO hastily steps in front of ROSALIND.)

ORLANDO. Lord Ferdinand, I pray you list.

And you, too, sweet Miranda.

This Hamlet sure a woman is,—

I pray you feel no scorn of her,—

This mannish garb was but put on

As one a masquerade would don.

I swear it doth but ill adorn,

Most loveliest maiden ever born.

My own sweet Rosalind!

MOON-MAN. This maiden oft I've seen him kiss
 Within the Wood of Arden.

(ROSALIND threatens MOON-MAN with sword.)

Oh! Oh! I crave your pardon!

ROSALIND. Through Ardehn's Wood I ne'er did roam.

(Aside). In truth, not through the whole of it.

This man, I swear, I ne'er have known

Before this night. *(Aside)*. Alas! ne'er known him right.

MOON-MAN. Pray, art thou then a gemini?

ROSALIND. A good thing bears repeating. Ay?

MOON-MAN. Thy twin 'twas then, I saw him kiss

 Within the Wood of Arden!

ORLANDO. O Rosalind! Art thou gone daft?

ROSALIND. This night Minerva's cup I quaffed.

MIRANDA. Art thou, then, Hamlet of the Danes?

ROSALIND. As sure as he on earth remains.

ARIEL (*who has been in background invisible, now says in an aside*):

Now, Ariel will 'pear
To these, in aspect queer.
For maidens fraught with fear.
Anon, 'twill need no seer,
Thy sex to tell, my dear!

(*Exit ARIEL, C.*)

ROSALIND. Fernando, pray resume thy sword.
My challenge I'll repeat. The word was :—
For every drop of Danish blood
Thou can'st draw forth from me,
I'll draw a quart from—

ARIEL (*behind scenes*).

Ke-wee! Ke-wee!

A mouse I be.

MIRANDA (*rushing to FERDINAND*).

O Ferdinand! A mouse! A mouse!

ROSALIND. Where? Where?

MIRANDA (*pointing at ROSALIND's feet*) .

There! There!

ARIEL. Ke-wee! Ke-wee!

Beware of me!

ROSALIND (*dropping sword and rushing to ORLANDO*).

Orlando, love! O! save me!

Save thy Rosalind!

MIRANDA. I'll swoon if we do stay!

ROSALIND. O! pray you, come away.

(*FERDINAND supporting MIRANDA, and ORLANDO supporting ROSALIND exeunt, R.*)

ARIEL. Ke-wee! Ke-wee!

MOON-MAN. (*exit R. laughing.*) O-ee! O-ee!

He-hee! He-hee!

ACT V.

ARIEL (*enters, c.*).

The time is scarce a cock's-crow off
 When I my servitude can doff.
 But my first free-will act shall be
 To waft good Prosper's companie,
 Full gently, o'er a smiling sea
 To their impatient Naples.
 While to Miranda's nuptials I will bring
 Unclouded skies and breath of spring.
 For Ariel's mouse, like Venus' dove,
 Hath brought the olive-branch of love,
 To these estranged couples:
 Who hither come each to his fellow yoked.
 Miranda seeketh here the magic cloak,
 Which all this mazement did provoke.
 She hath proposed a 'Court of Love,'
 To convened be upon this sward.
 Methinks she pines to be confessed.
 Perchance, there'll be some last behest for me,
 So near I'll stay.

(*Exit ARIEL, c.*)

(*FERDINAND and MIRANDA enter, R, followed by ORLANDO and ROSALIND. MIRANDA and ROSALIND sit on mossy bank. ORLANDO stands beside ROSALIND at L. FERDINAND beside MIRANDA at C. He carries scroll.*)

MIRANDA. Hear yes! Hear yes! Hear yes!

FERDINAND. This 'Court of Love' is here convened for reasons herein set down. To wit:—"To sit in judgment 'pon three rank offenders, who in divers ways do stand accused of breaking, cracking, or attempting so to do, Love's Laws." The first offender will now stand forth. One yclept Orlando. A gentleman—he claims to be—from out the Wood of Arden. Out stand, I pray! Art he?

ORLANDO (*crossing to R, front*).

My lord, the same.

FERDINAND. The cause for which thou art indicted is twofold. 'Tis here set down as 'poaching' and 'base cruelty unto a poor, dumb, creature.' Who maketh this 'cusation?

ROSALIND (*rising*). 'Tis I, my lord. I swear, he did, by pretty traps, outhung upon the trees of Arden, and divers other sweet conceits, ensnare an unsuspecting 'hart,' within the Wood of Arden.

MIRANDA. If provèd be, 'tis poaching of a surety.

FERDINAND. Order i' the Court. Continue thy 'cusation.

ROSALIND. He, then, this self-same trusting hart did grievous wound, and cast away completely, to die of hunger, thirst, and pangs, within a foreign country.

FERDINAND (*to ORLANDO*). Thou'st heard the accusation. Hast aught to say in thy defence?

MIRANDA. A strange court, this, that hath no buzzing big-wigs!

FERDINAND. Order! Order! I say. Would'st be put out?

MIRANDA (*embracing him*). Nay, love! I could not be 'put out' by thee.

ORLANDO. Your Worshipped-ness! I must plead guilty. Though half the guilt I'll rub away with the brisk brush of reason. Wilt list to me?

FERDINAND. Ay, truly! Brush away.

ROSALIND. He doth carry his 'brush' with him like any fox.

MIRANDA. Pray, is thy tale a long one?

ORLANDO (*pointing to mock judge*). Nay, sooth! See'st not, I'm docked?

FERDINAND. Order! the Court.

ORLANDO. The snares I used to trap this 'hart,' do the approval bear of time.

ROSALIND. I vowed they were not made for me! How oft, hast thou, by variously baiting, used them?

FERDINAND. The Court doth rule that question out. Continue, thou accused one.

ORLANDO. The accepted pattern, they, my lord, used first, I wot, in Eden. Therefore I claim no censure due in that my wiles were new, or e'en unusual cruel. As for 'unsuspecting hart,'—so dubbed by my accuser,—I, truth, would read, 'expecting hart;' no novice, she, in sportsman's art.

ROSALIND. Fie! Shame upon thee!

ORLANDO. Nor, did I, sooth, apoaching go.

The manly art

Of hunting 'hart,'

In wood, or field, or meadow,

I do opine

Doth bear no fine,

Where'er the chase may lead one.

The earth doth be

Most certainly

To all men free for harting.

Of willing hart

Would'st take the part

If she ensnarèd be?

MIRANDA. Ay! Ay! Most heartily!

FERDINAND. Come, come! The Court must have his say. 'Tis poaching, in the least degree, and, therefore doth the Court decree, that you, Orlando, must this self-same hart within thy bosom cherish.

ROSALIND. Like unto thievish dog, who forcèd is around his neck to bear his tainted spoils.

ORLANDO (*crossing to her*). Nay, nay! Like unto happy conqueror, who pinneth proudly on his breast the precious trophy of his 'quest.

MIRANDA. How long his sentence, pray?

FERDINAND. Forever and a day!

ROSALIND. He'll 'have him, so it will commuted be.

ORLANDO (*kneeling*). Ay! Commuted to eternity!

FERDINAND. How answereth thou the second charge? The most foul one of cruelty?

ORLANDO (*rising*). My lord! In truth and all sincerity, withal most seriously, I vow myself much puzzled at myself.

And did I not fear Rose would grin 't,
I'd swear that there was witchcraft in 't.

MIRANDA (*rising*). In truth and all sincerity, withal most seriously, I vow Orlando speaketh true.

ROSALIND (*rising*). Orlando speaketh truth? Oho!
Then hark! Anon, we'll hear bright Gabriel's blaring trumpet.

MIRANDA. Nay, Rosalind, thy mirth allay
And serious list to what I say;
Then, straight, pronounce my penalty.
Sweet Ferdinand, thou well dost know
The wonders Prospero can do.
By dipping deep in learning's well,
With aid of chemical and cruce,
He wrought this garment for his use.

(*Takes mantle from bank and holds it up.*)

Who wears this cloak

Upon his back

Can charms invoke;

No wish will lack

Be't thought or spoke.

The cloak laid slack

The spell is broke.

And slack upon the ground it lay,
This even', as I chanced this way.
Alas! Good friends, I crave your grace!
In bitter shame I'd hide my face.

FERDINAND (*approaching*). I pray you, hide it here, love.

MIRANDA. Nay, Ferdinand! But hear me out,
And then, I'm feared, poor me you'll flout.
A lonely maiden here I've lived
Deprived of young companions;
While love, to me a flower unknown,
Within this bosom ne'er had grown,
Till this dear gard'ner sowed it.
Then, sooth, as starving folk do gorge,
Nor pause not at sufficient,
This love-bestarvèd maid did crave
More love, and e'en more love to have.
Enwrapped in folds of magic cloak,
Three lovers to her did invoke.
First, poor, benighted, Moon-man!
But who the other two should be
Was left to chance, or destiny.

O Rosalind! Sweet maid, I vow,
Thou should'st not lay this coil to me.

ROSALIND. Nay! Herein lies my penalty
For such unseemly adornment.

MIRANDA. O, pray you, friends, can'st me forgive?

ROSALIND. Forgive and love thee, whilst we live.

(*Embraces MIRANDA.*)

MIRANDA. O Ferdinand! I do back-shrink
From putting thy dear love to test.
But guilt, the more it seek to hide
Itself, the bigger bulk it shows.
Alas! Alas! Are my deserts
So small, I fear to put thy love
To test, lest lose, not gain, it all!

FERDINAND. Sweet one, whatever thou hast done,
To me, thy name will ever be
'Most Admirable Miranda.'

MIRANDA (*covering her face*).
Nay, list! I longed that thou should'st see
The three men loving with me!

ROSALIND (*laughing*). Think 'st this deserveth penalty?

FERDINAND (*embracing MIRANDA*).
Thou art most guillesslest she alive!
ROSALIND. My lord! Take care to guard her well.
Thy fault if this transplanted flower,
Within thy court, doth ever change
From guillessness to guile.

ORLANDO. Good sooth! 'Tis said:—"E'en misery
Delighteth in good companie;"
So I'll pronounce the penalty
For her most cruel and most feminine offence.
The offender must immersèd be
In matrimony's perilous sea.
Fernando, here, the duckster, he.

FERDINAND. Nay! I the log to which thou'rt tied
To drag thee in. Not so, my bride?

MIRANDA. Love, thou wilt be the precious boat,
Within whose shelter I will float,
Contented, down life's stream. (*They embrace.*)

MIRANDA (*holds up magic cloak*).
Will't please the Court to judge this last offender?

ROSALIND. Alack! I'm feared to sit on't!

FERDINAND. It is a villain of the deepest dye.

ORLANDO. Since 'tis already dyed it can't be put to death

FERDINAND. Of witch-craft foul it is accused.

ROSALIND. Then, quick, my lord, let's burn it!

MIRANDA. 'Tis of such stuff as dreams are made,
And will ne'er perish, I'm afraid.

FERDINAND. We'll bury it alive.

ORLANDO. Some zany might uproot it. Like unto him who
hither comes.

(*Enter MOON-MAN, R, yawning, followed by DOG-STAR.*)

ROSALIND. Poor, sleepy, lunar, looney!

ORLANDO. This skipper from the green-cheese moon his watch hath long o'erstay'd.

MOON-MAN. Good, earth-born folk, pray, grant a boon,
And C. O. D. me to the moon.

MIRANDA. If thou wilt swear that thou wilt ne'er essay to leave it.

MOON-MAN. I did not will it
To be out-spill'd
On earth, believe it.

MIRANDA. Ay, truly, thou did'st not! This magic garment hauled thee forth. O list! I pray and learn its worth.

Encased within its ample fold,
Whatever wish thy heart doth hold,
Shall granted be. A sprite there is
Bound out to it. Pray, wish him hither.

MOON-MAN. Hillo, ho, ho, here! Come, sprite, come!

(*Enter ARIEL, C.*)

MIRANDA. Good Ariel, would'st thou deem
This Moon-man a good master?

ARIEL. In truth, sweet maid, none better!

MOON-MAN. Sweet sprite, I'll thee unfetter
And 'low thee roam where'er thou wilt.

ARIEL. That's my good master!

And faster, faster,
Far, than whirlwind's breath,
Thy bidding 'll do,
All nature thro',

Ariel and all his quality.

MIRANDA. What say you, friends, this garment exile to the sky?

FERDINAND. It merits banishment.

ROSALIND AND ORLANDO. Ay! Ay!

(*MIRANDA wraps mantle about MOON-MAN.*)

MIRANDA. Pray, Moon-man, take this souvenir!
Thou'lt work no teen with it, I trow?

MOON-MAN. Sweet maiden, entertain no fear
Yare! Yare! To Dian we fare! Lo!

(*To audience.*)

Ere I do leave this earth
I wish you all much mirth.
With mouths astretch from ear to ear
May you remain throughout the year.
Come, Sirius, we must join the spheres!
Moon-man from earth for aye dis'appears.

(*MOON-MAN and DOG-STAR exeunt, L.*)

ARIEL. Hark? Hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer

Cry 'Cock-a-doodle-doo!'
 (*To audience.*) And so, kind friends, adieu!
 You ne'er again will Ariel see,
 But oft-times will he visit thee;
 In sighing breeze, in falling rain,
 Will Ariel sing this soft refrain:—

"Thankful be!

Happy be!

Ariel serves humanity
 Continually."

(*Exit ARIEL, C.*)

ORLANDO. See yonder cloud which 'scures the moon!
 And 'round it floats like sable smoke.

ROSALIND. Methinks it is the magic cloak
 Forth from his shoulders streaming.

FERDINAND. E'en while we gaze the moon's face pales,
 And dawn doth forth come stealing
 To sweep the stars from out the sky;
 To set the birds a-pealing;
 To draw the arras from the day;
 For Phœbus, soon holds his levée.

MIRANDA. Sweet Ferdinand, Orlando friend,
 I pray you, unto us hands lend
 In short farewell. Till morning light!
 Which time we all will be embarked
 And glad sail set for Naples.

FERDINAND AND ORLANDO. Farewell, O! Admirable Miranda!

(*They exeunt, L. ROSALIND sits upon mossy bank.*)

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MIRANDA.

Kind friends, a moment longer stay
And patient list to what I say.
Lest some of you offended be,
By this Shakespearian parody,
I would your kind attention call
To this one fact,—allowed by all,—
That goodness which hath borne a test,—
What'er the temptation—is best.
And Shakespeare, you'll agree, did paint
Miranda as an untried saint.
What to his 'nature's child' befell
When she reached Naples, he doesn't tell.
But any maid who's had her fill
Of pre-marital lovers will,
Most certainly, more docile be
Within the bonds of matrimony.
This 'skit' was meant to try Mirand,
And prove her goodness test would stand.
Temptation she hath sent sky-high;
The magic cloak will not have nigh,—
The bait which might in future bring
Full many lovers to her string.
So, pray you, friends, most lenient be
In judging of this travesty
On Shakespeare's admired Miranda.









3 2044 022 104 27

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

DUE JUN 13 '50

232 107

APR 2 1950

BOOK DUE-WID

MAY 12 1979

6435068

BOOK DUE-WID

6435068

MAY 2 1980

APR 2 1980

CANCELLED
MAY 1 1987
276 9696

